

BLACK DIAMOND
WESTERN

AUTHORIZED
A C M P

CONFORMS
to the
COMICS
CODE

BLACK DIAMOND WESTERN



10¢



AUG.
NO. 37

3

FEATURE-LENGTH
BLACK DIAMOND
ILLUSTORIES

LEV GLEASON, PUB., CHARLES BIRO AND BOB WOOD, EDITORS

HA! HA! HA! ONCE I GET
ACROSS THE STATE LINE,
I'M OUT OF YOUR
JURISDICTION,
BLACK D...???

STATE
LINE

NEW MEXICO TEXAS

LEV GLEASON
PUBLICATIONS



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

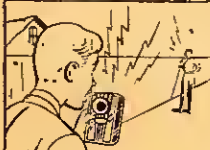


ELECTRONIC WALKIE TALKIES

ELECTRO-MAGNETIC CHASSIS,
U. S. GOVERNMENT PATENT NO. 2,536,179



TWO-WAY WALKIE TALKIES



TWO-WAY COMMUNICATIONS: Set consists of two (2) "transceivers" ready to hook up between any two points. No license needed! Simply attach wire coil (included with each set) to terminal on each Walkie Talkie. An easy to use or your telephone. You need not fear interference from buildings, walls, fences, trees, etc. Your Walkie Talkie will operate anywhere. Clear voice transmission guaranteed.

RECEIVE LOCAL BROADCAST STATIONS: Your Walkie Talkies can easily be converted to the broadcast band and thus serve as your own private radio receiver. The REMCO in crystal adapter and special aerial attachment will permit reception on broadcast frequencies. Adapter and aerial attachment only \$1.58 (Optional).

Sets are ruggedly constructed of high quality injection molded plastic; engineered for utility and extra long service. This is not a kit but a factory tested and guaranteed communication system. Guaranteed—or your money refunded in full.

RADIO RECEIVER AND INTERPHONE



RADIO BROADCASTING



BROADCAST OVER HOME RADIO: Either or both of your Walkie Talkies can be hooked up so you can talk into them and hear your voice come out of the radio speaker, "Broadcast!" from another room or another part of the house. Merely your own friends—plan your own radio program and announcements.

100% SATISFACTION GUARANTEED! We will refund your money in full within five days if these Walkie Talkies fail to do the amazing things listed in this ad.

MAIL THIS COUPON

EMPIRE MERCHANDISING CO. Dept. W-5 Send check, cash, or M.O. 63 Central Ave., Ossining, N. Y.

- ☐ Send 2 Walkie talkie unit _____ Price \$3.49
- ☐ Send complete Walkie talkie unit adapter and aerial _____ Price \$5.47
- ☐ Full payment enclosed. Rush order post-paid.
- ☐ \$1 deposit enclosed. Will pay postman balance plus charges.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

Certificate of Guarantee

If either of your Walkie Talkie Sets should stop operating for any reason, our factory engineers will repair and return it to you at absolutely no cost.

TWO-WAY
WALKIE TALKIES
only

\$3.49
postpaid

2 SETS
COMPLETE

EMPIRE MERCHANDISING CO., DEPT. W-5
63 CENTRAL AVE., OSSINING, N. Y.

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PROSECUTED TO THE FULL EXTENT OF THE LAW**

BLACK DIAMOND

"BATTLES THE SHEEP KILLERS"



WHO DID IT, WICKER? WHO KILLED THESE SHEEP!

THE SAME ONES WHO RAIDED ME LAST TIME, BLACK DIAMOND! THEY BEAT ME ALMOST TO DEATH!

THE DIRTY COYOTES! LET'S GET 'EM, DIAMOND!


CUT OUT AND SAVE!



SEE VALUABLE TRADING CARD OFFER FOLLOWING THIS STORY. SEND THIS WITH YOUR ORDER BLANK 2 COUPONS PLUS 10c WILL ENTITLE YOU TO ONE SET OF TRADING CARDS.

THERE WERE CERTAIN BLACK-HEARTED PEOPLE WHOSE INTEREST IN THE CATTLE BUSINESS SET OFF ONE OF THE BLOODIEST SPECTACLES OF BRUTALITY IN BLACK DIAMOND'S CAREER! AND IT WAS A TRAGIC LITTLE FIGURE NAMED MR. WICKER, WHO INNOCENTLY BROUGHT TO ITS BLOODY CLIMAX THE SHOCKING EPISODE OF THE SHEEP KILLERS!

IN THE YEAR 1876—IN THE TOWN OF CRAGMONT, MONTANA, AT THE SHEEP ASSOCIATION OFFICE...



A SHEPHERDER'S JOB IS A DANGEROUS AND THANKLESS ONE, MR. WICKER! ARE YOU SURE YOU WANT THIS JOB?

SOMEBODY HAS TO HERD THE SHEEP! WHETHER THE CATTLE OWNERS LIKE IT OR NOT! THANK YOU FOR HIRING ME IN SPITE OF MY LACK OF EXPERIENCE!

DON'T THANK ME, MR. WICKER! NOBODY WANTS TO HERD SHEEP! MAYBE YOU'LL UNDERSTAND WHAT I MEAN LATER ON!

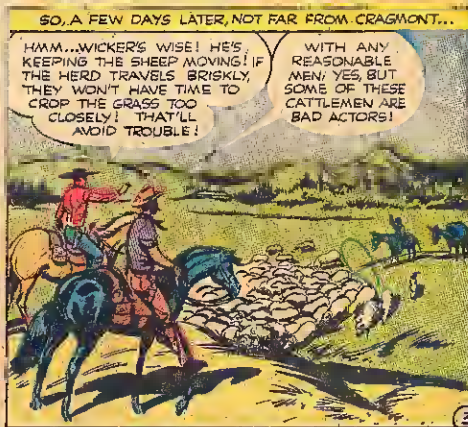
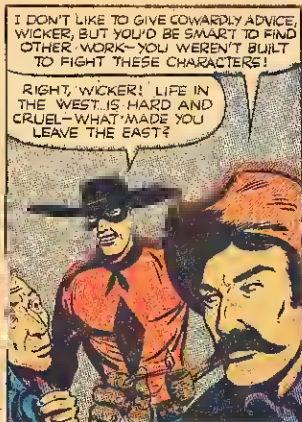
HERE COMES THAT WEASEL THAT TOOK THE 'SHEPHERDIN' JOB! HE'LL BE SORRY!





AT THAT MOMENT, MARSHAL BOB VALE, THE BLACK DIAMOND, AND HIS SIDEKICK, BUMPER, HAPPENED BY...





HOW'S IT GOING, WICKER? HAVING ANY TROUBLE?

JUST FROM THE WOLVES - THEY GOT A FEW SHEEP DURING THE NIGHT! MY HEART ACHES EVERY TIME I BURY ONE OF 'EM!

BURY THEM? WHY GO TO THE TROUBLE! THE BUZZARDS WOULD TAKE CARE OF 'EM!

OH, NO! THAT WOULD BE BRUTAL! I LOVE THESE SHEEP - THEY'RE SO GENTLE - SO WEAK! BURIAL'S THE ONLY HUMAN THING TO DO!

THAT NIGHT, AFTER SUPPER...

WICKER'S DOZED OFF! DO YOU KNOW, BUMPER, WICKER HIMSELF IS LIKE THE SHEEP! HE'S WEAK AND DEFENSELESS - AND THE CATTLEMEN WILL PREY ON HIM!

I KNOW, DIAMOND! THAT'S WHY HE NEEDS ALL THE PROTECTION WE CAN GIVE HIM!

AT DAWN - THE NEXT DAY - AFTER BLACK DIAMOND AND BUMPER LEFT WICKER'S CAMP...

WHOEVER WICKER'S GUESTS WERE - THEY'RE GONE NOW - START THE WILD HORSES STAMPEDING!

OKAY, CRANSE, THIS'LL SHOW HIM WE AIN'T KIDDIN'!

RRR-R-R-!
WHINNNEE!

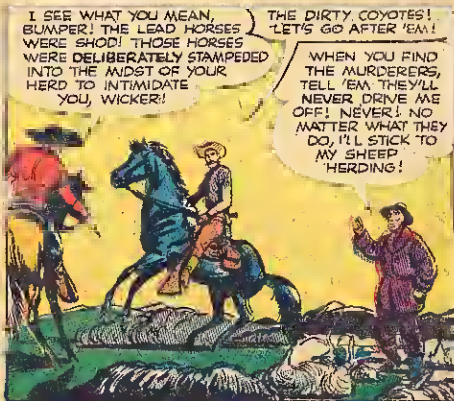
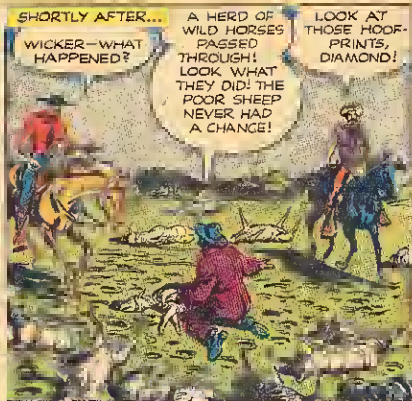
IT'S WILD HORSES! THEY'RE STAMPEDING RIGHT AT THE SHEEP! THEY'LL SLAUGHTER THE POOR CREATURES!

I...I CAN'T STOP THEM! OH, MY POOR SHEEP!

MEANWHILE - NOT FAR AWAY...

DIAMOND! LOOK! THERE'S A DUST CLOUD RISING BACK THERE WHERE WE LEFT WICKER!

LOOKS LIKE A STAMPEDE! BUT IT COULDN'T BE SHEEP! C'MON, BUMPER!



CRANSE'S IDEA WAS A FIENDISH ONE... LATER THAT MORNING, AS A NEARBY HERD WAS GRAZING...

THAT'S IT! KILL ENOUGH OF THESE STEERS TO RILE UP THE CATTLEMEN!



DURING THE NEXT FEW HOURS, CRANSE AND HIS MEN SLAUGHTERED FOUR HERDS OF CATTLE...

WHAT'S NEXT, CRANSE?

A PASTURE FIRE OUGHTA GET THE CATTLEMEN JUST AS RAVING MAD AS WE WANT 'EM!



AN HOUR LATER—AS THE PRAIRIE FIRE THREATENED ALL THE STOCK IN THE VICINITY...

THESE FIRES WERE SET DELIBERATELY! I SEEN THE FELLER THAT DONE IT!

WHO DID IT, CRANSE? WE'LL STRING HIM UP!



A CRAZY SHEEPHERDER BY THE NAME OF WICKER! HE'S GOT A GRUDGE AGAINST CATTLE! HE WANTS ALL THE PASTURE LAND FOR HIS SHEEP!

TAKE US TO HIM!



SHORTLY AFTER...

YA COW-MURDERIN' LITTLE WEASEL! WE'LL FIX YA! KILL ALL HIS SHEEP, WILL YA!

NO! YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING... OWW!

YA CRAZY SKUNK! YOU'LL GET YOURS NOW!



TIE THE RUNT UP! I'LL GIVE HIM A GOING-OVER PERSONALLY!

LOOK AT THEM CATTLEMEN BLASTIN' THE SHEEP! THE BUZZARDS WILL HAVE PLENTY OF MUTTON TONIGHT!



YA WOULDN'T STAY OUTA THIS TERRITORY WHEN I WARNED YA, WICKER! MAYBE NOW YOU'LL SEE I WASN'T KIDDIN'!



IT WAS ME WHO SHOT UP THEIR CATTLE AND FIRED THE PRAIRIE GRASS! BUT I BLAMED IT ON YOU, YOU STUBBORN LITTLE WORM!

DON'T HIT HIM, CRANSE! YOU WANT HIM TO SEE WHAT HAPPENS TO HIS PRECIOUS SHEEP!



AND THEN...



NO! NO! PLEASE DON'T KILL 'EM! PLEASE DON'T!

FINALLY THE LAST SHEEP WAS KILLED, AND CRANSE AND HIS MEN RODE OFF, LEAVING POOR OLD WICKER TIED TO THE TREE...

MURDERERS! ;SOB; THEY'LL PAY FOR THIS! THEY'LL PAY! ;SOB; THEY'LL PAY!



LATER THAT DAY AS BLACK DIAMOND RETURNED FROM CRAGMONT...

WE WERE RIGHT TO GO TO THE CATTLE-MEN'S ASSOCIATION! LEARNING THAT CRANSE IS NOT A REGISTERED STOCK OWNER IS A TIP-OFF!

I KNEW CRANSE HAD NO BUSINESS IN THIS TERRITORY! LOOK! WICKER'S SHEEP—SOMETHING'S WRONG!



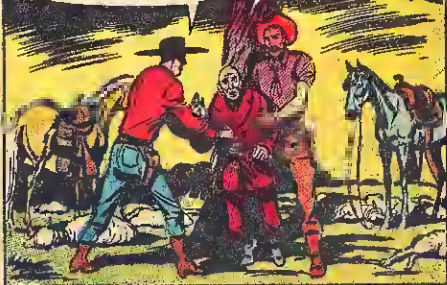
LOOKS LIKE THEY'RE ALL DEAD DIAMOND! AND THERE'S WICKER!

CRANSE DID THIS! I WARNED HIM—NOW HE'S GOING TO PAY, THE ROTTEN MURDERING SWINE!



WE'RE GOING AFTER CRANSE! BUT WHAT ABOUT YOU, WICKER? WE CAN'T LEAVE YOU HERE IN YOUR CONDITION!

I'LL BE ALL RIGHT! GO AHEAD AND GET 'EM!



BUT THE POOR LITTLE MAN WAS NOT ALL RIGHT—SOMETHING IN HIS MIND HAD SNAPPED, AND A HALF-MAD SCHEME WAS BORN...

FIRST, WE'LL LOCATE CRANSE'S HERD! I'VE A HUNCH I'LL TELL US PLENTY!

I'LL COVER THE RIFLE BARREL WITH EARTH...DON'T WANT IT TO GLEAM BY MOONLIGHT! I'VE GOT A JOB TO DO!



SOME HOURS LATER, AT A STOCKMAN'S TRAIL CAMP...

RAISE YOUR HANDS, DEVILS! GO FOR YOUR GUN AND I'LL KILL YOU! CRANSE'S MEN—STEP FORWARD! STEP FORWARD, I SAID!

S...SURE, WICKER! B...BUT WE'RE NOT CRANSE'S MEN!



AT THE HANDS OF THE GRIEF-CRAZED WICKER, MORE BLOOD—HUMAN BLOOD—WAS SHED, BUT IRONICALLY, CRANSE AND HIS MEN WERE ELSEWHERE...

I WANT YOU TO DIE—LIKE YOU KILLED MY SHEEP!

EEAAH...

BANG!

BANG! BANG! BANG!

OHNN...

I...LEE...



BLACK DIAMOND WESTERN



THE REST OF YOU STAY WHERE YOU ARE! I'M LEAVIN'!

NOW I'LL GO FIND THE BLACK DIAMOND AND GIVE MYSELF UP! I'VE DONE WHAT I HAD TO DO—I'M WILLING TO PAY THE PENALTY!

WICKER'S GONE MAD! WE BETTER FOLLOW HIM!

NOT FAR AWAY, UNAWARE OF BEING WATCHED, BLACK DIAMOND INSPECTS THE BRANDS ON CRANSE'S CATTLE...

JUST AS I THOUGHT! A DOZEN DIFFERENT! BRANDS! CRANSE IS A RUSTLER! HE WANTED WICKER OUT OF THE WAY! WICKER WAS WANDERING TOO CLOSE TO THE STOLEN CATTLE!

OKAY, BOYS—WE GOT THE BLACK DIAMOND! TAKE HIM!



RAISE 'EM OR DIE!

ALL RIGHT! YOU GOT US!

YOU'RE TELLIN' ME! YOU DISCOVERED OUR RACKET! BUT YOU'LL NEVER LIVE TO TELL ABOUT IT!



SUDDENLY...

I AIN'T SO SURE!

IT'S WICKER! HE FOLLOWED US HERE!

BANG!

OH!!!



GASP! ...THE RUNT! I...I SHOULD HAVE KILLED HIM... UGH! WHEN I HAD THE CHANCE!

YI...!!!

CRACK!

WICKER SAVED OUR LIVES FOR THE MOMENT!



THE EXCHANGE OF DEADLY FIRE GAVE BLACK DIAMOND AND BUMPER THE ADVANTAGE THEY NEEDED...

AAAAGH!

IT'S THEIR LIVES OR OURS!

EEEEOOH!

I GOT THE LAST TWO!



FIVE MINUTES LATER...

YOU KILLED FIVE OF THEM, IN COLD BLOOD! BUT WHY WICKER—WHY!

THEY WERE BEASTS...

GASP! I WANTED THEM TO FEEL AS THE SHEEP MUST'VE FELT... I WAS GLAD TO DO IT! I DON'T HAVE MUCH LONGER TO LIVE ANYWAY...



A MOMENT LATER, AS THE STOCKMEN—TRAILING WICKER—ARRIVE ON THE SCENE!

WHERE'S WICKER!

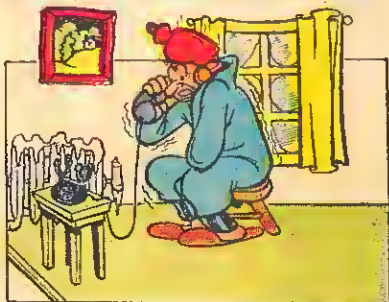
AT PEACE! YOU'LL SOON UNDERSTAND WHY HE DESERVES SYMPATHY—WICKER WAS A MAN WHO HATED EVIL—BUT HE DIDN'T DIE IN VAIN—SHEEP KILLING, WHETHER BY GOOD STOCKMEN OR RUSTLERS DIES WITH HIM! WE'LL ALL SEE TO THAT!



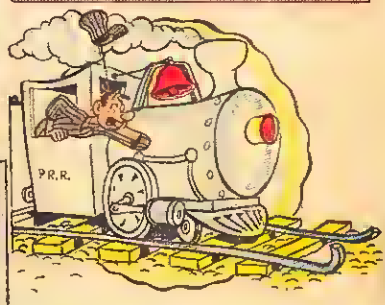
THE END

TAKING WAYS

POLICE IN A MIDWESTERN CITY WERE CALLED BY AN IRATE CITIZEN, WHO COMPLAINED THAT "REPAIRMAN" HAD DISMANTLED HIS FURNACE AND CARTED IT AWAY IN A TRUCK!



THIEVES IN OHIO STOLE A MILE OF PENN. R. R. TRACKS, CUT IT UP AND SOLD IT FOR JUNK!



CIRCUS ENTRANCE



YEARS AGO THE JOB OF CIRCUS TICKET SELLERS SOLD TO THE HIGHEST BIDDERS! SHORT-CHANGING MADE THE JOB VERY PROFITABLE! THE PICKPOCKETING CONCESSION WAS ALSO BOUGHT BY ORGANIZED GANGS!

CONFEDERATE

or UNION

Army Hat

only 398

A smart, handsome, authentic cap. Confederate grey or Union Blue cloth, patent visor and adjustable strap Order In any head size from 6 1/2 to 7 1/2—or send head measurement in inches.

GET IN EARLY ON THE LATEST FAD!

Send now! Be the first in your crowd to get in on the newest fad that is sweeping the country
CONFEDERATE BATTLE FLAGS: 12"x18". Authentic cloth and color, 2 for only \$1. Send checks or money order to:

EMPIRE MERCHANDISING CO.

Dept. CS 43 CENTRAL AVENUE
OSSINING, N. Y.

Repeating Slingshot

Accurate—Powerful—Sturdy

For target—hunting—pests—dog training. On market since 1905. Made of non-rust stainless steel. Shells only one shot for accuracy. Loads from handle. Magazine holds 150 BB's. Six design features. Send \$1.00 today to:

THE SLINGSHOT COMPANY
Dept. A-5 Alexandria, Va.

ARE YOU GETTING YOUR SHARE OF FREE GOVERNMENT AID???

Are you taking advantage of ALL the wonderful opportunities provided by the Federal Government? THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT has a plan to help you. It is called the FEDERAL AID PLAN. It will help you get started, and help you be successful.

DON'T BE LEFT OUT.

Learn how and can get all these FREE SERVICES. Send us your name and address, a recent self-addressed envelope, and we will send you the details about FEDERAL AID PLAN. No obligation.

Whitehouse Publishing Co. P.O. Box 8-51, Milwaukee, Wis.

Tricku VANISHING CARD

ARE YOU A TRICKY TRICKY MAGICIAN? VANISHING CARD! A SENSATIONAL TRICK that makes a magician of YOU! A Card is freely shown, yet disappears from hand to reappear in a special pocket. ITS FREE! If you send us 25¢ you can get our "BIG" Catalog of 500 Untricked Tricks. THE MAGICIAN L'S 1945 KODAK PUBLISHING CO. 25¢

BOYS

Our Folder is worth \$5.00 to you! Earn your own pocket money with our FREE FOLDER!

A. & M. THOMSON
1939 E. 85, Cleveland 6, Ohio

BECOME A CARD TRICK MAGICIAN

AMAZE! THRILL! ENTERTAIN! IT'S EASY TO BE ANYONE OF THE 84 CARD TRICKS IN THIS WONDERFUL BOOK WHEN YOU KNOW THE SECRETS. You get an ORDINARY DECK OF CARDS! ORDER THE COMPLETE BOOK FOR ONLY \$0.98 AND WE'LL INCLUDE A \$5.00 CATALOG OF 500 DYNAMIC TRICKS. THE MAGICIAN 79434 KODAK PUBLISHING CO. 25¢

LITTLE GIANT ELECTRIC MOTOR

A Powerful, Sturdy, real 398

D.C. Electric Motor — with gear box and pulleys. Will run model trains, trucks, boats, cars, etc. Has working ratio up to 80 to 1. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send \$3.98 for motor, gears, pulleys and complete instructions.

EMPIRE MERCHANDISING CO., Dept. M
43 Central Ave., Ossining, N. Y.

NEW!

NONE OTHER LIKE IT!

LOOK SLIMMER, more YOUTHFUL REDUCE your appearance INSTANTLY!

The Transform® Girdle must be the best girdle you ever wore . . . you must feel more comfortable . . . you must look younger . . . your shape must be noticeably improved . . . or we don't want a penny of your money.

NEW! No other girdle or supporter belt like it. We know that you've probably tried other girdles in the hope that you'd eventually find the right one. But this we promise you: **NO OTHER GIRDLE CAN DO FOR YOU MORE THAN THE TRANZFORM DOES.** No other girdle or supporter belt offers you more bulge control . . . safely, scientifically. No other girdle can compare with the miracle-working Bulge-master® feature.

WHAT IS THE BULGE-MASTER FEATURE?

The Bulgemaster pads are special inset panels of sheet rubber, covered with cotton jersey. They absorb the excess perspiration from the balanced pressure against the muscles and fatty tissues of your stomach, waist, hips and thighs.

ONLY 100% DUPONT NYLON STITCHING is used on the Bulgemaster panels. Special pin point perforation allows air to circulate for your added comfort.

MAGIC INSET CONTROL

Magic insets control in complete comfort, guaranteeing healthful, lasting support. They lift and flatten the tummy, slim down the waist, trim the hips, eliminate the "spare tire" waist line roll. These magic inset panels are cleverly designed with diagonal control-stretch to give each bulge the exact amount of restraint it requires. **No bones—No buckles—No steels—No lacets—No adjustments** Let the Transform be your undercover agent for a more beautiful figure—the slimmer, trimmer figure that invites romance.

DON'T BE FOOLED BY IMITATORS!

Other people may attempt to copy our ads, but they cannot copy the Transform or the Bulge-Master panels. Both Transform and Bulge-Master are registered trade-marks (patent applied for, U.S. Pat. Off.). Transform Girdles are made and sold only by us—not obtainable anywhere else. Don't be fooled by imitators. Insist on the genuine Transform.

PROVED!

... by tens of thousands of satisfied wearers throughout the country.

- Take inches off tummy
- Bring in waist
- Control spreading hiplines
- Smooth and slim thighs
- Make clothes fit



WHY DIET?
TRY IT!

Takes inches off your bulge-line!

STOUT WOMEN—We can fit you too! Sizes up to 54 waist, 65 hips.

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE 10-Day Trial Offer

Wear the Transform for 10 days at our risk. We'll send it on approval. The Transform must do all we claim or return it in 10 days and we'll send your \$4.98 right back. We take all the risk because we know that even though you may have tried many other girdles, you haven't tried the best until you've worn a Transform.

*T.M. Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.
*Pat. app. for U.S. Pat. Off.

4⁹⁸

SEND NO MONEY MAIL COUPON NOW!

TRANZFORM, Inc., Dept. 649, 15 E. 16 St., N. Y. 3

Tranzform, Inc., Dept. 649, 15 E. 16, New York 3
Rush my Transform with wonder-working Bulge-Master at once. On delivery I will pay postman \$4.98 plus postage. (Extra large sizes, waist 35-54 or hips 44-65, \$5.98.) I must be satisfied or I will return the Transform in 10 days for full purchase price refund.

Waist size _____ Hips _____ Height _____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

☐ Check here if you are enclosing money with order to save C.O.D. and handling charges. Same Free Trial and refund guarantee.

THE HIT OF THE YEAR

LEV GLEASON COMICS PICTURE TRADING CARDS

**YOUR
FAVORITE
CHARACTERS
ON CARDS
IN FULL
COLOR!**



app. 1 actual size

**QUICK!
START YOUR
COLLECTION
NOW!**

Everybody wants these cards. Decorate your room, trade them, give them to friends. Your set will be the envy of everybody you know!

HERE'S ALL YOU HAVE TO DO TO GET ANY SET YOU WANT! You will find a special trading card coupon on the top of the first page of this magazine. Until further notice these coupons will be found in all of the following Lev Gleason Comics: **CRIME DOES NOT PAY, BOY, CRIME & PUNISHMENT, DAREDEVIL and BLACK DIAMOND.**

Just send us **TWO** of these coupons, with 10¢ (no stamps, please) and we will send you any set of trading cards you want. You can pick your own sets. They are listed in the box below. And you can order as many sets as you like. Just remember to send two coupons and 10¢ for each set. There are 5 sets in all. Get all of them and have the best collection yourself!

HERE ARE THE SETS

Order By Number

When you send your coupons, choose the set or sets you want. Order them by number — but each set is **COMPLETE** and cards in each set **CANNOT** be changed. Order more sets as you want more cards.

SET NO. 1

SLUGGER
GRUESOME JONES
IRON JAW

SET NO. 2

ROCKY X
(of the Rocksteers)
BUMPER
CURLY

SET NO. 3

WISE GUYS GROUP
CRIMEBUSTER
AND SQUEEKS
RELIAPON

SET NO. 4

SCARECROW
SIMPLY SMITH
DILLY DUNCAN

SET NO. 5

BLACK DIAMOND and RELIAPON
SQUEEKS
THE VACUUM

ORDER BLANK

PICTURE SET DIVISION,
LEV GLEASON PUBLICATIONS, INC.

114 E. 32nd Street, Send cash, check
New York 16, N. Y. or money order. No
Friends: stamps.

Enclosed are trading picture coupons
cut from Lev Gleason Comics and
Please send me the following sets of pictures
(2 coupons and 10¢ entitle me to 1 set of 3
pictures).

Set No. 1 ☐ Set No. 2 ☐ Set No. 3 ☐

Set No. 4 ☐ Set No. 5 ☐

My name is _____ (Please print)

My address is _____ (Please print)

THIS IS A SAMPLE OF
THE COUPON YOU
NEED TO GET YOUR
TRADING CARDS. YOU
WILL FIND IT ON THE
FIRST INSIDE PAGE OF
EACH MAGAZINE. THIS
SAMPLE COUPON HAS
NO VALUE.
DON'T USE IT.



SAMPLE COUPON

NOTE: When you send your coupons and 10¢, post to the coupons on a post card or attach them to the handy order blank or the right. You will find the coupons on the front page of any of the Lev Gleason Comics mentioned above (**CRIME DOES NOT PAY, BOY, CRIME & PUNISHMENT, DAREDEVIL and BLACK DIAMOND**).

Order your set by number. Be sure to print your name and address plainly and mail to:

**PICTURE SET DIVISION,
Lev Gleason Publications**

114 E. 32nd St.
New York, 16, N. Y.

BLACK DIAMOND

meets "THE HARD LUCK KID"

THERE WAS RUSTLER TROUBLE AT TOM BEALE'S CIRCLE-B RANCH! BLACK DIAMOND ANSWERED THE RANCHER'S URGENT CALL FOR HELP AND RODE RIGHT INTO A GUN FIGHT WITH THE CATTLE THIEVES, BUT THE WARY GOVERNMENT MARSHAL SENSED RIGHT THEN THAT SOMETHING MORE DEVASTATING THAN CATTLE RUSTLING WAS TORMENTING TOM BEALE!

BLAST IT, DIAMOND! WE WOULD'VE GOT THEM RUSTLERS IF THAT BLAMED BRAD HUNTER HADN'T MADE HIS HORSE STUMBLE! I SWEAR HE DID IT ON PURPOSE!

I HEARD THAT, YOU BIG-DUMB MOOSE! YOU'D BETTER BE READY TO BACK UP YOUR MOUTH WITH YOUR FISTS!

WATCH IT, BUMPER! DON'T TRAMPLE HIM!



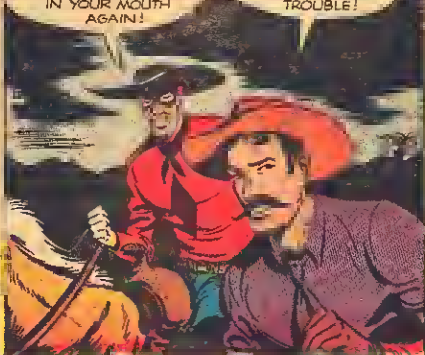
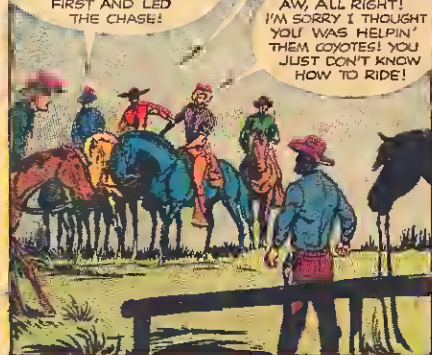
BRAD HUNTER WOULDN'T DO THAT ON PURPOSE! HE'S MR. BEALE'S FOREMAN! IT WAS BRAD WHO SAW THE MURDERIN' THIEVES FIRST AND LED THE CHASE!

YOU HEARD THAT, BUMPER! NOW STAY IN YOUR SADDLE AND APOLOGIZE TO HUNTER!

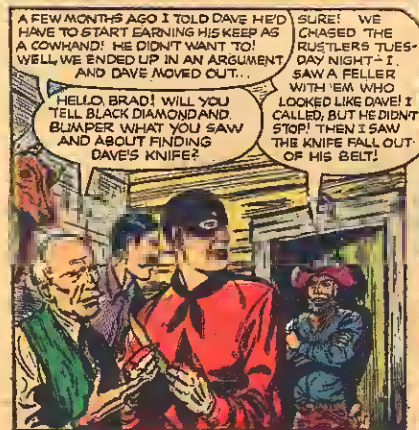
AW, ALL RIGHT! I'M SORRY I THOUGHT YOU WAS HELPIN' THEM COYOTES! YOU JUST DON'T KNOW HOW TO RIDE!

C'MON, BUMPER, WE'D BETTER GET BACK TO THE RANCH HOUSE AND SEE TOM BEALE BEFORE YOU PUT YOUR FOOT IN YOUR MOUTH AGAIN!

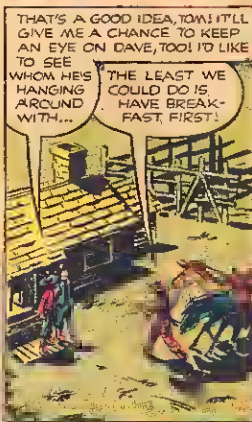
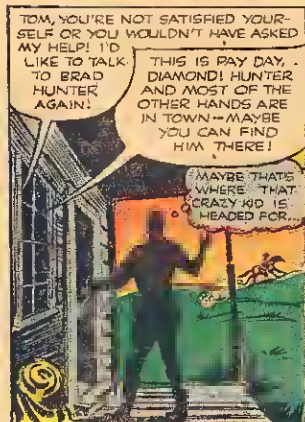
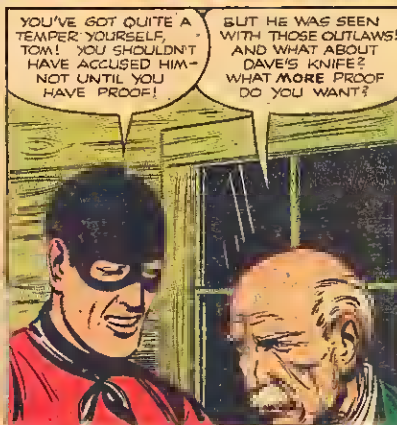
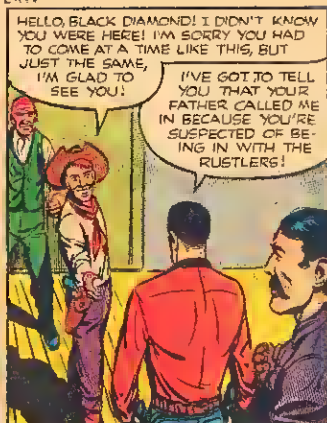
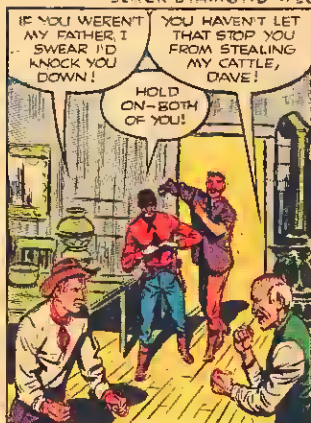
I'VE GOTTA HUNCH WE BOTH PUT OUR FOOT IN IT, THIS TIME—I SMELL PLENTY OF TROUBLE!



LATER, AS TOM SEALE GREET'S HIS FRIENDS...

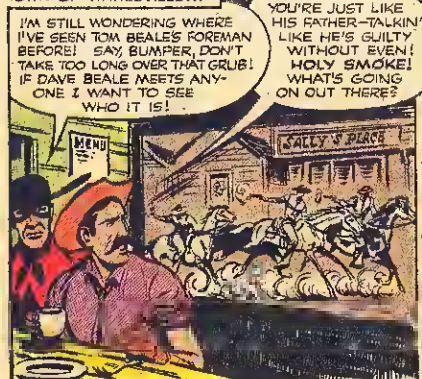


BLACK DIAMOND STAYED AWAKE A LONG TIME THAT NIGHT TRYING TO REMEMBER WHERE-IN THE DIM PAST-AND UNDER WHAT CIRCUMSTANCES-HE HAD MET THE FOREMAN OF THE CIRCLE B, BRAD HUNTER! AND SOMETHING ABOUT THE FINDINGS OF DAVE'S KNIFE BOTHERED HIM, TOO-IT WAS EARLY THE FOLLOWING MORNING WHEN DIAMOND AND BUMPER WERE AROUSED BY THE SOUND OF ANGRY VOICES!



BLACK DIAMOND WESTERN

AN HOUR LATER, WHILE DIAMOND AND BUMPER WERE HAVING BREAKFAST AT THE STAR CAFE IN THE CATTLE-TOWN OF WHITESVILLE...



I'M STILL WONDERING WHERE I'VE SEEN TOM BEALES FOREMAN BEFORE! SAY, BUMPER, DON'T TAKE TOO LONG OVER THAT GRUB! IF DAVE BEALE MEETS ANY-ONE I WANT TO SEE WHO IT IS!

YOU'RE JUST LIKE HIS FATHER-TALKIN' LIKE HE'S GUILTY WITHOUT EVEN HOLY SMOKE! WHAT'S GOING ON OUT THERE?

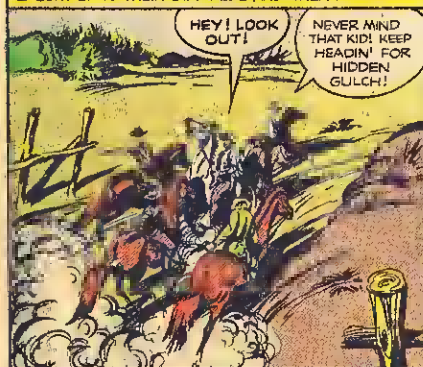


WHAT'S UP, MISTER?

BANK BANDITS! THEY JUST STUCK UP THE CATTLEMEN'S BANK AND IT LOOKS LIKE THE BUZZARDS WILL GET CLEAN AWAY, TOO!

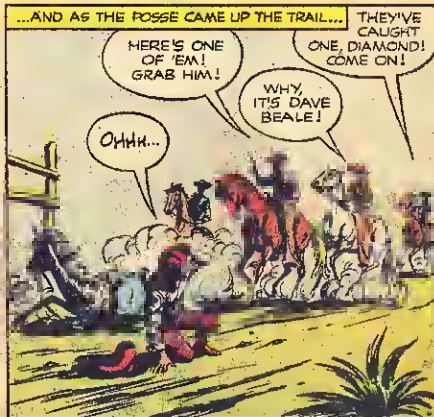
AFTER THEM, MEN! IT'S THE HARKNESS GANG!

AS THE DESPERADOES POURED OUT OF THE TOWN AMID A THUNDER OF HOOFES AND BULLETS-A LONE RIDER WAS CAUGHT UP IN THEIR STAMPEDE AND THEN...



HEY! LOOK OUT!

NEVER MIND THAT KID! KEEP HEADIN' FOR HIDDEN GULCH!



...AND AS THE POSSE CAME UP THE TRAIL...

THEY'VE CAUGHT ONE, DIAMOND! COME ON!

HERE'S ONE OF 'EM! GRAB HIM!

WHY IT'S DAVE BEALE!

OH...OH...



YOU'LL FIND THIS A TOUGH TOWN FOR STICK-UP MEN! LEAD US TO YOUR FALS, OR...

YOU'RE CRAZY! I'VE NEVER STOLEN ANY-THING IN MY LIFE! YOU CAN SEARCH ME!



JUST A MINUTE! MY FRIEND HERE IS A U.S. MARSHAL! I THINK HE CAN VOUCH FOR DAVE BEALE!

I'M SHERIFF BEN WADE, MARSHAL! THIS FELLER WAS RIDIN' WITH THE BANDITS!

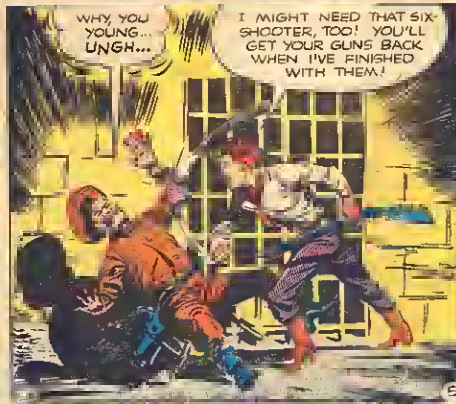
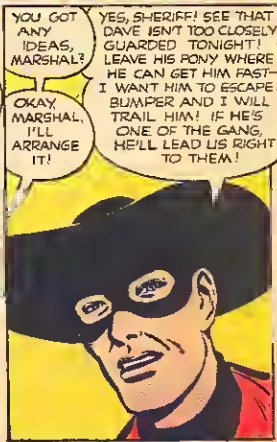


THAT'S A LIE! I WAS RIDING ALONE AND GOT SWEEPED UP BY THOSE MEN WHEN THEY WERE BEING CHASED!

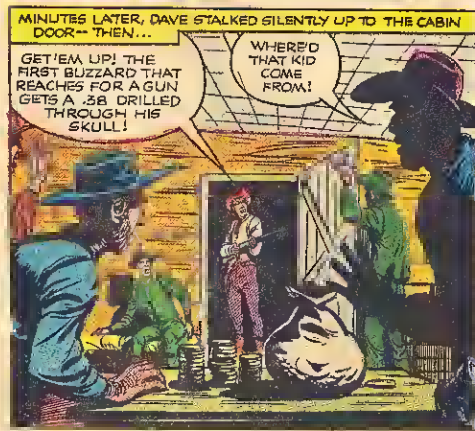
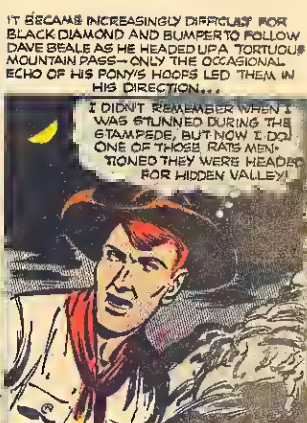
I'M AFRAID YOU'LL HAVE TO ADMIT THIS ALL LOOKS PRETTY SUSPICIOUS! I THINK SHERIFF WADE HAD BETTER LOCK YOU UP TILL YOU CAN PROVE YOUR INNOCENCE!

BLACK DIAMOND WESTERN

MINUTES LATER, AT THE WHITESVILLE JAIL...



BLACK DIAMOND WESTERN



BLACK DIAMOND WESTERN



I SHOULD'VE SHOT FIRST! THAT'D MEAN ONE LESS TO FIGHT! I BETTER HEAD BACK FOR THOSE ROCKS!



DAVE BARELY MADE TO THE ROCKS... KEEP POURIN' IT AT HIM! IF THAT KID GETS AWAY, WE'RE THROUGH IN THIS TERRITORY!

WE CAN'T AFFORD TO WASTE THAT MANY BULLETS!



HA! I GOT ONE OF 'EM!

HE GOT MIKE! HE'LL PICK US ALLOFF IF WE DON'T RUSH HIM!

THAT WAS MY LAST SLUG!

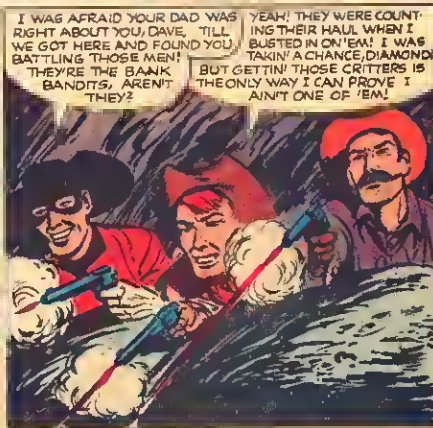
MINE, TOO!

DIAMOND AND BUMPER WERE NOT FAR OFF WHEN THE SHOOTING STARTED—THEY RUSHED INTO THE RAVINE, AND...



IT'S THAT MARKED DEVIL, BLACK DIAMOND—RUN FOR IT!

WE CAN'T! I KNOW HIM! HE'D KEEP ON OUR TAILS TILL HE RAN US DOWN!



I WAS AFRAID YOUR DAD WAS RIGHT ABOUT YOU, DAVE. TILL WE GOT HERE AND FOUND YOU BATTLING THOSE MEN! THEY'RE THE BANK BANDITS, AREN'T THEY?

YEAH! THEY WERE COUNTING THEIR HAUL WHEN I BUSTED IN ON 'EM! I WAS TAKIN' A CHANCE, DIAMOND! BUT GETTIN' THOSE CRITTERS IS THE ONLY WAY I CAN PROVE I AIN'T ONE OF 'EM!



QUICK—GET BACK INSIDE! WITH NO MORE BULLETS, WE'LL HAVE TO GET 'EM IN THERE AN' USE OUR FISTS—WE STILL OUTNUMBER 'EM!

GO GET 'EM!



STILL FIRING, BLACK DIAMOND AND HIS PALS TAKE THE CABIN BY STORM...

OUTA MY WAY, BAXTER! I TOLD I NOT TO HOLD THE DOOR AGAINST THAT BULL!

WALT HARKNESS! I'VE WAITED A LONG TIME TO NAIL YOU!

IGNORE THE GUN, DIAMOND! IT'S EMPTY!



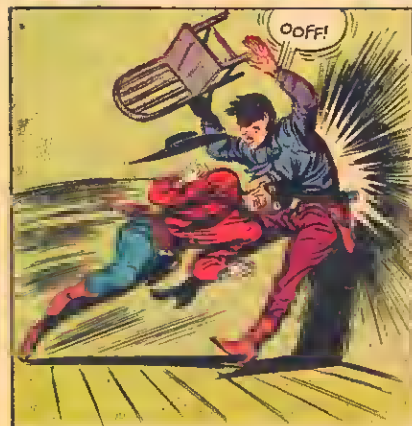
NICE GOIN', BOYS! KEEP IT UP!

LEGGO! PUT ME DOWN, YA BIG DUMB WALRUS!

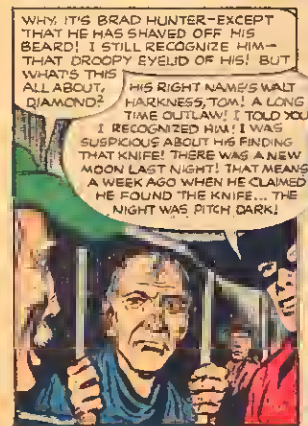
I SURE WILL! HERE GOES!

BLACK DIAMOND WESTERN

NOT RECKONING WITH DIAMOND'S SPEED AND STRENGTH HARKNESS TRIES A FOOLTRICK AND LEAVES HIMSELF WIDE OPEN...



THERE WAS NO FIGHT LEFT IN THE OUTLAWS! IN A FEW HOURS, THEY WERE SAFELY BEHIND BARS—THE STOLEN MONEY WAS LEFT WITH SHERIFF BEN WADE—TO BE RETURNED TO THE BANK IN THE MORNING—BUT THE SAME NIGHT, BLACK DIAMOND HAD A VISITOR.... TOM BEALE...



THE END

The Terror of Fat Pocket Gulch



Murph McGraw never seemed to strike gold but he always seemed to scratch enough to keep himself alive. Everyone liked Murph, they liked his Irish humor and the sparkle in his blue eyes. But Murph was what might be called a hermit. When the first word of gold came out of Fat Pocket Gulch, Murph appeared as he had at many a camp. His worldly goods were slung over his back in a pack. He immediately set himself up by a stream, throw together a shack with available timber and settled down as if he planned to stay forever. Murph might have stayed forever, he liked the town and the town liked him, if terror hadn't settled over Fat Pocket Gulch.

One night as Murph came in to town and headed for Zachary's, the local saloon, he noticed the town was very quiet. Hoping to learn the reason, he walked into Zachary's. Instead of the usual joviality and hilarity he found all the men of the town gathered in solemn conference. Murph started to greet them with a cheery hello, but noticing the intensity of their faces, didn't say a word. Sliding toward the group, no one noticed that he had come in and only through listening could he glean what was going on.

"The Terror's movin' closer. We oughtta do somethin'," said Jake, an old prospector.

"But we don't know where he'll strike," remarked another man. "How can one man put such fear in the hearts of so many?"

"He's just ruthless, that's all. What can you do against that?" queried another.

"Poor old Leo, he just didn't live to tell the tale," sighed Jake.

"Leo?" asked Murph in amazement. "What happened to Leo?"

"Killed by the Terror! All his gold looted and not a trace of the varmint who did it," answered Jake.

"How do you know it was the Terror?" quizzed Murph.

"That's just what he does. Pounces like a fox. This Terror is wanted all over the territory. You've seen the signs around offering a reward for his capture dead or alive. This guy must be pretty rough if they'll take him dead," muttered another prospector.

"If I ever come within spittin' distance of him, I'd sure shoot first and ask questions later," fumed Jake.

"But doesn't anyone know what he looks like?" asked a prospector.

"That's pretty hard, he's always masked and strikes at night. But at least they know he's dark haired, is about five feet seven, has a good lookin' set of teeth and, get this, an 'infectious' laugh!" explained Jake.

In spite of the seriousness of the discussion Murph couldn't suppress his own infectious laugh and finally said, "How do they know the guy can laugh? What does he have to laugh about?"

"Just his ghoulish sense of humor," said another prospector, laughing with Murph in spite of himself.

Zachary, the owner of the saloon, had been silent during the discussion. He leaned his heavy body on the bar and his beady eyes moved quickly from one prospector to another as he took the conversation in. Suddenly when Murph laughed, Zachary's eyes stopped their darting around and stared at Murph. Zachary didn't join in the laughter but continued to look at Murph. Soon his eyes started traveling up and down Murph McGraw. "Hmmm," thought Zachary, "Five feet seven, dark hair, and that laugh, mmm."

Murph didn't notice Zachary's stare, nor did the other prospectors. Murph, realizing that this was not a night for the usual sociable gathering, decided to head for home. "Well, boys, if I see the Terror, I'll give him both barrels," he said as he patted his two guns. "Good night, all."

Murph wandered slowly back to his shack down by the river and wondered about the Terror. "At least," mused Murph, "I've got nothin' he'd want. Gness I'm pretty safe." Finally reaching the shack, Murph dropped to the floor, rolled over, pulled up a few tattered blankets and fell fast asleep.

While Murph slept, Jim Trumbull staggered out of Zachary's saloon. The evening had started out on a serious vein but the seriousness of it led to more serious imbibing and Jim was the worse for wear. Jim always had a pocket full of nuggets as he'd hit one of the richest veins in Fat Pocket. Jim Trumbull didn't stagger long that night. For far from the saloon in the darkened street a shot rang out. Jim fell to the ground, dead. Zachary heard the shot, raced out of the closed saloon and found Jim dead, pockets empty. Then, in the night, he heard the echo of laughter. Zachary sounded the alarm and woke the town. All the prospectors searched the town and the surrounding gulches and ravines. Zachary, on a hunch, went down to Murph's shack. Murph was not there.

The town of Fat Pocket mourned the loss of Jim Trumbull. Everyone in town was on edge. Where would the Terror strike next, was the question that entered their minds. Each night the men gathered in Zachary's to plan their attack against the infamous killings. Never could they reach a conclusion. Finally the night after Jim was killed, Zachary quietly said, "Has anyone seen Murph?"

"No, but you know Murph. He goes off for days and no one knows where," replied Jake.

Zachary continued. "Did anyone notice that Murph is about five feet seven, dark hair and . . ."

"So am I, so what?" answered one of the miners. Then as he thought about it he suddenly added, "Oh no, not Murph!"

"Have you ever heard Murph laugh?" continued Zachary.

"You don't mean . . .? Maybe you have somethin'. Can't believe it," muttered the various men. The seed was now planted and grew with amazing rapidity. First they spoke their fears in whispers of amazement. Then the idea grew and grew until they were sure that the Terror was none other than Murph McGraw.

But Murph had gone hunting. The night he left the saloon early, he slept, then was awakened by the brightness of the moon. He got up, strapped on his guns, packed a minimum of equipment and headed for the woods. Murph was only gone for two days but came home with not only two deer but a bear. He walked into Zachary's saloon to catch up on the local news and to relay his success.

As Murph entered the door a hush fell over the room. Zachary was the first to

break the silence. He reached for his gun, pointed it at Murph and said, "Watch it, Terror. One move and I shoot to kill!"

Murph, at first, looked amused. Then when he saw the cold steel staring him in the face he gave up. "What's goin' on?" he queried.

"Don't act so innocent, Bud," growled Zachary. "We know who you are and we've got you."

"Shoot! Shoot!" cried several voices in the background. "Don't let him get away alive!"

But Zachary didn't shoot. The whole crowd in the saloon poured over the puzzled Murph. They pinned him to the floor, tied him, gagged him. "Don't shoot," Murph heard one of them say. "Let's make him suffer. Shootin's too good for him. Let's string him up."

The madness of the crowd dazed Murph and he couldn't figure it out. He did hear through the haze that they'd lock him up this night and take the law in their hands early in the morning. "A hangin's better in daylight," he heard one of them say.

Murph was hauled off to the Fat Pocket jail and double guards were with him through the night. He was still gagged, bound and helpless. He had no chance to explain himself. The madness of the crowd had spread like a disease and the terror that reigned was worse than the Terror ever could have dreamed. But the Terror made a mistake that night and a fortunate one it was for Murph.

The Terror pounced on a "prospector" from Fat Pocket that night while Murph sat miserably in jail. If the Terror had waited, as usual, for orders from above he would not have made this mistake. The "prospector" he hopped on was the town sheriff. The sheriff knocked the Terror out and dragged him into Fat Pocket just in time to save Murph from the noose.

The Terror didn't look like his name. He was frantic, scared and pleading for mercy. He was Murph's size, he was dark and he had an hysterical giggle. Murph thought he must not have been able to control that laugh whenever he landed a victim. The Terror babbled through his beard that he really wasn't the Terror, he only worked on orders and split the loot with his Boss. In fact, he never even got his fair share.

"All right, Terror, talk. Who's your boss?" demanded the sheriff.

"You know, the real Terror, Zachary," babbled the Terror.

A shot rang out ending the sentence forever. The Terror slumped to the ground. Zachary stared with his beady eyes at his recently fired gun for a split second. Then he turned and ran, jumped on his horse and galloped out of town.

With all the prospectors in town chasing Zachary, he was soon brought in to justice. But Murph, having lost faith in his fellow man, before the day was up had packed up his few belongings and moved on to what he hoped was a richer vein or at least a richer life.

THE END

For
Externally
Caused

PIMPLES

Try This New Cream Free

We Make No Claims...

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To Help Relieve Discomforts of ITCH and IRRITATION**

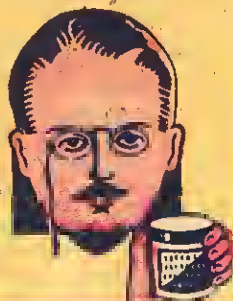
YOU MUST BE PLEASED OR NO COST!

This is without doubt the strangest advertisement you ever read. No one ever dared to make this offer... no one, as far as we know, ever asked the public to use their product without risking a single cent. We are not going to give you a lot of hocus pocus. We are not making a lot of wild statements. We want you to try TRI-SON-OL and find out for yourself just what it does. We want you to learn, through use, how easily and safely TRI-SON-OL helps relieve discomforts of "Itch" and "Irritation." We have faith in TRI-SON-OL... the acid test—is for you to use it. Only then do you get real proof of the help you are seeking to help relieve skin irritations that are externally caused. You must admit you have everything to gain and nothing to lose because TRI-SON-OL is harmless and safe. All we ask is that you send for TRI-SON-OL so you can be the judge of our risk.

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We guarantee you, and you alone are the sole judge, as to the value of TRI-SON-OL. Only if you are pleased do you pay us the introductory price of \$1.98. If dissatisfied, do not return anything... just ask for your money back and we will make full refund immediately with no questions asked.

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THE TRI-SON-OL COMPANY
505 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

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I accept your offer. Send TRI-SON-OL for me to try for 10 days. If I am not delighted I will write and ask for my money back, including the postage which you will refund at once.

☐ Send C.O.D. \$1.98 plus postage. ☐ Check ☐ after desired
☐ Enclosed find \$2.00 in full payment.

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BLACK DIAMOND

in "RELIAPON'S LAST RACE"

EVERY SO OFTEN THERE COMES ALONG A MAN WHOSE EFFECT UPON HORSES IS LIKE MAGIC! A MAN WHO COULD TAME WILD HORSES WITH A TOUCH OF THE HAND! "RINGER" MAXWELL'S LOVE FOR HORSES WAS MATCHED ONLY BY HIS LOVE FOR DRINK! WHICH LOVE PROVED STRONGER IS UNFOLDED IN THIS THRILLING STORY!

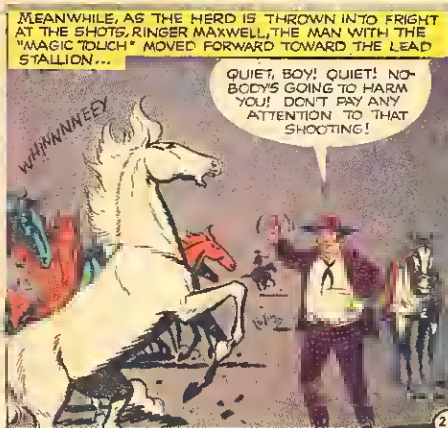


IN THE LATE SPRING OF 1887, A HERD OF HORSES
WAS BEING SHIPPED FROM THE PANHANDLE TO
A SOUTH TEXAS MARKET. THE JOURNEY HAD
BEEN LONG AND ARDUOUS AND THE END WAS AT
LAST IN SIGHT...



BUT THE WRANGLERS WOULDN'T HAVE SLEPT SO SOUNDLY IF THEY'D KNOWN WHO WAS WATCHING THEIR HERD WITH GREEDY EYES AND READY BULLETS...A VICIOUS CUTTHROAT, PETE OWENS, AND HIS MEN...





MIRACULOUSLY THE STALLION STOOD STILL! ALMOST HYPNOTIZED, HE ALLOWED MAXWELL TO COME CLOSER...



THAT'S IT, BOY! IM YOUR FRIEND! IM CAN SENSE IT! I JUST WANT TO STROKE YOUR MUZZLE!

MINUTES AFTER, AS PETE OWENS RODE UP...

I SEE YOU GOT THE STALLION QUIET! GOOD WORK, RINGER! YOU'RE A WONDER!

IM A WONDER, ALL RIGHT! I WONDER WHY I DONT PUT A BULLET THROUGH MY HEAD... LIKE YOU DO TO A SICK HORSE... AND END MY MISERY!



YOU'RE AFRAID TO KILL YOURSELF, RINGER! 'CAUSE THEY DONT SELL HOCH WHERE YOU'RE GOIN! WHEN YOU KICK OFF— HERE, BOOZE-HOUND! HERE'S YOUR QUART! YUH EARNED IT!

THANKS... HOW MANY MEN DIED SO I COULD HAVE THIS DRINK?



FIVE, SIX! WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE? I GOT MY HERD! YOU GOT YOUR ROT GUT! EVERYBODY'S HAPPY! C'MON, YA COYOTES! TAKE THIS HERD TO MARKET!

FIVE DEAD. SIX DEAD?



I NEED THIS DRINK! I NEED IT— TO FORGET!

HURRY IT UP! GET 'EM RUNNING! I WANT 'EM IN EL JACINTO BY MORNIN'!

YIPPI! YIPPI! GIT MOVIN'! YAWEE!



SEVERAL HOURS LATER, BLACK DIAMOND AND BUMPER SPIED THE DYING EMBERS OF THE TRAIL CAMP FIRES...

THAT'S FUNNY... A TRAIL CAMP WITH NO HERD! I DON'T LIKE A TRAIL CAMP WITH NO HERD! THE MEN ARE SLEEPING... BUT THERE ISN'T ONE HORSE TETHERED NEAR 'EM!



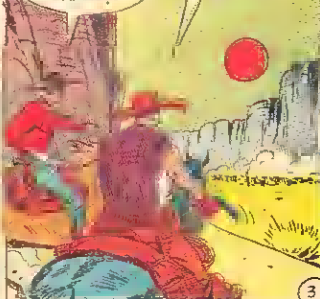
THEN THEY DISCOVERED THE GORY TRUTH...

THEY'RE DEAD! ALL OF 'EM! AND NOT A SCRAP OF PAPER ON 'EM, EITHER! THAT MEANS THE KILLERS STOLE THE CREDENTIALS IN ORDER TO POSE AS THE HERD OWNERS! C'MON, BUMPER! THEY CAN'T MAKE TIME WITH THAT HERD! WE'LL GET 'EM!

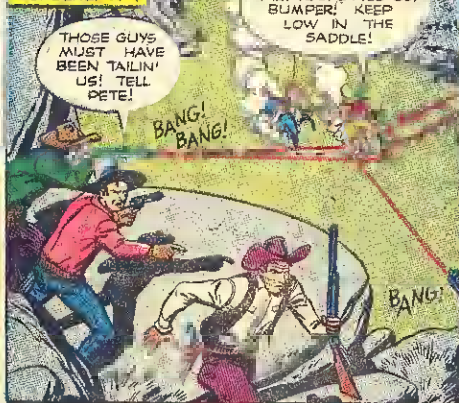


AN HOUR LATER, UNDER THE FIRST RAYS OF DAWN...

THERE THEY ARE, BUMPER! GET READY! THOSE HOWERS ARE WORSE THAN RATTLE-SNAKES! WE'VE DEALT WITH RATTLE-SNAKES BEFORE, DIAMOND! LET'S GO!



SUDDENLY...



THOSE GUYS MUST HAVE BEEN TAILIN' US! TELL PETE!

BANG! BANG!

THEY'VE SPOTTED US, BUMPER! KEEP LOW IN THE SADDLE!

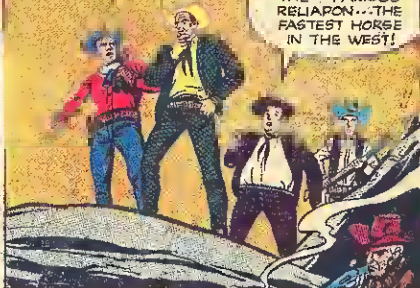
BANG!

MINUTES LATER...

HOLY SMOKE! THAT'S THE BLACK DIAMOND AND HE'S CUMBIN' UP THE ROCKS!

CLIMBIN' UP THE ROCKS, EH? WELL, THAT'S REAL NICE! WE'LL CIRCLE BEHIND HIM AND FIND WHERE HE LEFT HIS HORSE!

THAT'S HIS HORSE! THE FAMOUS RELIAPON... THE FASTEST HORSE IN THE WEST!



YEAH, BUT NO HORSE CAN RUN FAR WITH A SLUG THROUGH HIS HEART! C'MON! WE AIN'T GOT MUCH TIME!

WAIT, PETE! DON'T KILL THE ANIMAL! I HAVE A MUCH BETTER IDEA! PIN DOWN THE BLACK DIAMOND WITH A TERRIFIC CROSSHIRE!

MEANWHILE, WE'LL CIRCLE BEHIND THE BLACK DIAMOND AND CAPTURE THE HORSE! I DIDN'T EARN MY NAME "RINGER" FOR NOTHING! BEFORE I'M THROUGH RACING RELIAPON UNDER A DISGUISE YOU'LL HAVE MILLIONS!

MAYBE YOU GOT SOMETHIN'! OKAY, GUYS! GET BEHIND THEM ROCKS! KEEP UP A FIRE! PIN THE BLACK DIAMOND DOWN!

THE BUZZARDS! THEY'RE GOING TO MAKE IT TOUGHER THAN I THOUGHT!

NO BUMPER, THEY'RE JUST FATTERING US WITH FIRE... PINNING US DOWN... THEY'VE GOT SOME SCHEME IN MIND!



I THINK RINGER'S OVERREACHIN' HIMSELF WITH HIS POWER OVER NAGS! THAT RELIAPON'S SMART! HE'LL KICK RINGER'S BRAINS OUT!

BUT THE TRY'LL BE WORTH IT! IF RINGER CAN CONTROL THAT HORSE, WE CAN RACE HIM ALL OVER THE WEST, PAINTED UP AS ANOTHER NAG!

AN! THAT OTHER BRONC... EL LOBO... HE'S PLENTY FAST TOO! HE'LL FINISH ONE TWO TWO WITH RELIAPON!

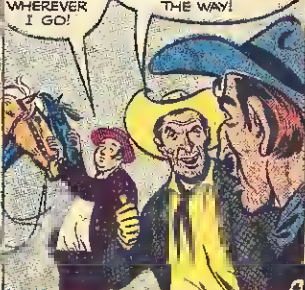
THAT'S IT, BOY! YOU KNOW I LOVE HORSES! I'VE BEEN AROUND HORSES ALL MY LIFE! NEVER SAW A HORSE THAT WOULDN'T TRUST ME...

LOOK! RELIAPON'S LETTIN' RINGER GIT CLOSER!

MINUTES LATER, BY SHEER "MAGIC" RELIAPON AND EL LOBO WERE LITERALLY EATING OUT OF RINGER'S HAND...

OKAY, PETE! THEY'RE CALMED DOWN NOW! THEY'LL FOLLOW ME WHEREVER I GO!

GET 'EM HEADED TOWARD EL JACINTO! I'M SIGNALLIN' THE BOYS TO CLEAR OUT! LET THE BLACK DIAMOND WALK THE REST OF THE WAY!



SUDDENLY THE GUNFIRE DIED DOWN...

MAYBE THEY RAN OUT OF AMMUNITION!

THEY RAN OUT...PERIOD! LOOK, BUMPER! THEY'RE VAMPOOSING WITH THE HERD! LET'S GET RELIAPON AND EL LOBO!



THEY'RE GONE! THEY STOLE EL LOBO AND RELIAPON!

THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE! NO STRANGER COULD GET NEAR THEM, LET ALONE STEAL THEM! I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!



WELL, DIAMOND, BELIEVE IT OR NOT, THERE THEY GO! WE'VE GOT A LONG WALK AHEAD!

I DON'T MIND THE WALK, BUMPER, IF OUR HORSES! IF THEY HARM RELIAPON, I'LL TEAR 'EM APART WITH MY BARE HANDS!



IT WAS LATE THE NEXT AFTERNOON WHEN BUMPER AND THE BLACK DIAMOND ARRIVED IN EL JACINTO... HALF BROILED BY THE SUN, AND FIGHTING MAD...

I CAN'T TELL WHETHER MY BLOOD'S BOILING FROM THE SUN OR FROM THE THOUGHT OF THOSE FILTHY RATS' HARMING OUR HORSES!

THEIR TRAIL LED STRAIGHT HERE TO EL JACINTO! THERE IS A THRIVING HORSE MARKET IN THIS TOWN AND THEY PROBABLY UNLOADED THE HERD! WE'RE GOING TO INVESTIGATE!



MEANWHILE, IN FRONT OF EL JACINTO'S BUSIEST SALOON...

YOU GO ON TO THE RODEO AT BIG GUN, PETE, 'TIC? I'LL JOIN YOU LATER 'TIC! TO MORROW!

YOU TRY TO KEEP AN EYE ON RINGER! NO TELLIN' WHAT HE'LL DO WHEN HE'S DRUNK!

OKAY, PETE! WE'LL WATCH HIM! YOU GET TO THE RODEO!



ON SECOND THOUGHT, YOU BETTER GO BACK AN GET RINGER IN CASE THESE NAGS WAKE UP - HE'S GOT THE DOPE - BOY! HOW RINGER WILL MAKE THEM RACE ON SATURDAY!

YOU WERE SMART TO FOLLOW RINGER'S ADVICE, PETE! UNDER RINGER'S PAINT, NO-BODY'LL RECOGNIZE THEM TWO NAGS! YOU'LL WIN THOUSANDS ON EVERY RACE!



MEANWHILE, IN EL JACINTO, BLACK DIAMOND WAS GETTING RESULTS...

YEP! I BOUGHT A HERO OF MUSTANGS FROM A FELLER NAME OF DANIELS! HE LEFT TOWN WITH MOST OF HIS WRANGLERS! HE LEFT THEM TWO ON THE SALOON PORCH BEHIND!

COME ON, BUMPER!



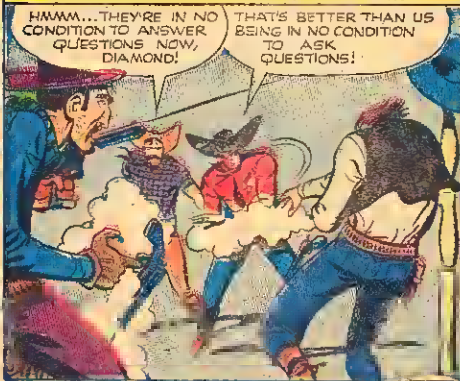
HEY, JIM! LOOK!

THE BLACK DIAMOND! FIGHT IT OUT, PUEBLO! IF HE GITS US WE'LL HANG!

DON'T DRAW, BOYS! YOU'LL BE SORRY!



BUT THE "WRANGLERS" MADE THE DANGEROUS MISTAKE OF TRYING TO BEAT BLACK DIAMOND TO THE DRAW...



HMM... THEY'RE IN NO CONDITION TO ANSWER QUESTIONS NOW, DIAMOND!

THAT'S BETTER THAN US BEING IN NO CONDITION TO ASK QUESTIONS!

SUDDENLY, THE SALOON DOORS FLEW OPEN AND...



I HEARD SHOTS... GASP! JIM, PUEBLO! THEY'RE DEAD!

THIS MUST BE A FRIEND OF THE FAMILY! LOOK INTO IT, BUMPER!

HOW'DY, PAL! DO YOU KNOW THESE DEAR DEPARTED?



GASP! T... THE BLACK DIAMOND!

HE KNOWS US, TOO! SPILL IT, YOU BOOZE-SOAKED WEASEL! WHAT DID YOU DO WITH OUR HORSES? TALK BEFORE I TEAR YOU APART, LIMB FROM LIMB!



IT WASN'T ME! I DIDN'T WANT TO DO IT! IT WAS PETE OWENS! HE WANTED TO KILL THE ANIMALS...

PETE OWENS... THE HORSE RUSTLER! THIS IS GETTING INTERESTING! TELL ME MORE!



THEN, BLACK DIAMOND'S LUCK TAKES A TURN FOR THE WORSE WHEN TWO OF PETE OWENS' WRANGLERS RIDE BACK INTO TOWN...

LOOK, BILL! BLACK DIAMOND'S GOT RINGER!

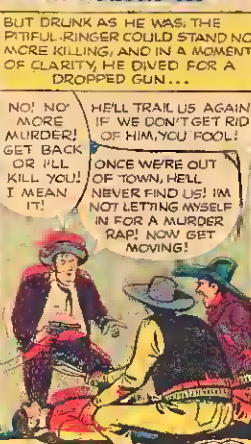
WE'VE GOT TO GET HIM BACK OR PETE WILL KILL US!

THE HORSES ARE SAFE! I SWEAR IT! THEY'RE WONDERFUL HORSES! THAT'S WHY I DID IT...



DID WHAT? ANSWER, YOU OLD...

WE CAME IN THE NICK OF TIME! DON'T WORRY ABOUT 'EM, RINGER! THEY WON'T ASK ANY MORE QUESTIONS WITH THEIR THROATS CUT!

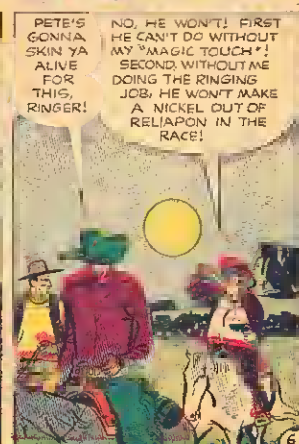


BUT DRUNK AS HE WAS, THE PITIFUL RINGER COULD STAND NO MORE KILLING, AND IN A MOMENT OF CLARITY, HE DIVED FOR A DROPPED GUN...

NO! NO! MORE MURDER! GET BACK OR I'LL KILL YOU! I MEAN IT!

HE'LL TRAIL US AGAIN IF WE DON'T GET RID OF HIM, YOU FOOL!

ONCE WE'RE OUT OF TOWN, HELL NEVER FIND US! I'M NOT LETTING MYSELF IN FOR A MURDER RAP! NOW GET MOVING!



PETE'S GONNA SKIN YA ALIVE FOR THIS, RINGER!

NO, HE WON'T! FIRST HE CAN'T DO WITHOUT MY "MAGIC TOUCH"! SECOND, WITHOUT ME DOING THE RINGING JOB, HE WON'T MAKE A NICKEL OUT OF RELIAPON IN THE RACE!

AN HOUR LATER, IN THE COVERED WAGON, AS RINGER PUT THE RESTLESS ANIMALS TO SLEEP AT A TOUCH...

OKAY RINGER! WE'LL PLAY IT YOUR WAY, BUT HEAVEN HELP YOU IF I DON'T COME OUTA THIS WITH A WAGON-LOAD OF DOUGH!

RELAX, PETE! I WISH I HAD A BUCK FOR EVERY HORSE I 'RUNG IN' IN THE EAST! THE GAMBLERS CLEANED UP MILLIONS BECAUSE OF WHAT I DID...



THAT'S WHY I CAME OUT HERE! TO DUCK THE LAW! WHAT I DON'T KNOW ABOUT - DOPING AND RINGING YOU CAN STICK IN YOUR EAR! NOW FOR THE RINGING JOB, WE'LL MAKE RELIAPON A DAPPLE GRAY, AND EL LOBO BROWN!

MAKE 'EM ANY COLOR YA LIKE! LIKE I SAID BEFORE - THE ONLY COLOR I'M INTERESTED IN IS YELLOW - THE COLOR OF GOLD!



MEANWHILE, IN THE SALOON AT EL JACINTO, AFTER THE BLACK DIAMOND CAME TO...

THIS GUSSE GOT MORE TALKATIVE WITH EVERY DRINK! HE STARTED TELLING EVERYBODY ABOUT HOW MANY RACES HE WON FOR GAMBLERS BACK IN THE EAST!

HE CLAIMED HE COULD MAKE ANY HORSE EVEN THE WILDEST BRONC, EAT OUTA HIS HAND! HE WAS PLUMB LOCO IF YOU ASK ME!



MAYBE NOT HALF AS CRAZY AS YOU THINK! WHERE CAN WE BUY SOME HORSES?

EVERY FAST BRONC IS AT THE BIG GUN RODEO ENTERED IN THE SWEEPSTAKES! BUT YOU CAN ALWAYS FIND A MOUNT DOWN AT EDWARD'S STABLE!

I'D RIDE A MULE AS LONG AS IT GOT ME THERE IN TIME!



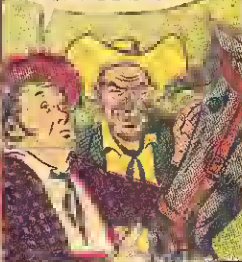
THE NEXT MORNING, IN A STABLE IN BIG GUN, JUST BEFORE THE BIG RACE...

YOU'RE A GENIUS, RINGER! NOBODY COULD TELL THEIR NAGS WAS RELIAPON AND EL LOBO! BUT TELL ME SOMETHIN'... YOU HAD 'EM DOPED UP! HOW DO YOU GET 'EM TO RUN FAST AGAIN?

I GUESS IT'S TIME I EXPLAINED MY SECRET! IT'S NOT MY HAND, PETE - IT'S WHAT IN MY HAND THAT WORKS THE MIRACLES!



I PRETEND TO PAT THE HORSE'S MUZZLE! INSTEAD, I SLIP HIM A SUGAR-COVERED PELLET OF DOPE THAT WORKS INSTANTLY ON THE BLOOD-STREAM - DULLING THE HORSE'S SENSES! I GIVE HIM A STIMULANT TO GET THE OPPOSITE EFFECT! I DID IT A MILLION TIMES IN THE EAST...



THAT AFTERNOON, AS TWO HORSES FINISHED SECOND AND THIRD IN THE BIG RACE, TWO FAMILAR PAIRS OF EYES WERE WATCHING...

AN EXPERT JOB OF RINGING! PETE OWENS MUST'VE CLEANED UP A FORTUNE! NO HORSE CAN BEAT RELIAPON AND EL LOBO!

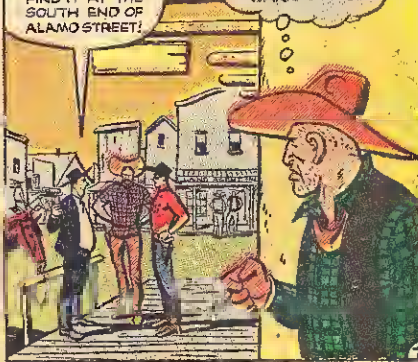
DITTO FOR THEIR MASTERS! LET'S FIND OWENS!



SHORTLY AFTER...

THE WINNER'S STABLE? YOU'LL FIND IT AT THE SOUTH END OF ALAMO STREET!

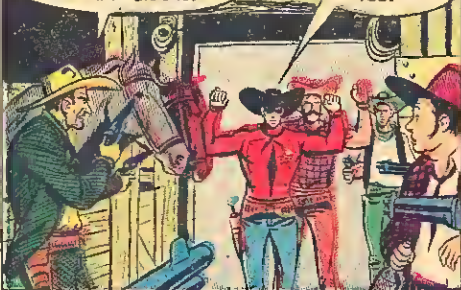
THE BLACK DIAMOND AND BUMPER! THEY TRAILED US AGAIN! I'VE GOT TO WARN OWENS!



A HALF HOUR LATER, AS THE BLACK DIAMOND AND BUMPER ENTERED THE STABLE, THEY FOUND HORSEHEAD WAITING, AND THEIR HORSES ONCE AGAIN DOPED...

HOWDY, GENTS! I'D ADVISE YA TO LAY DOWN YOUR IRONS BEFORE I FIRE A COUPLE OF SHOTS INTO THESE CRITTERS' BRAINS!

OKAY, OWENS—YOU'VE GOT US! BUT LITTLE GOOD IT'LL DO YOU!



BEFORE I GOT HERE, I TIPPED OFF THE SHERIFF TO YOUR SCHEME, OWENS! A POSSE WILL BE RIGHT DOWN TO GET YOU!

VERY SMART, BLACK DIAMOND! ONLY I WON'T BE HERE! BUT YOU WILL—AN' YOUR PAL AN' YOUR HORSES—ALL CHARR'D TO A CRISP FROM THE FIRE IM GONNA SET!



ALL I WANTED OUT OF THIS WAS TO REVIVE OLD TIMES... TO SEE IF I COULD DO A RINGING JOB AGAIN! NOW THAT I DID...IM THROUGH WITH YOUR GANG, OWENS!

LOOK OUT! HE'S GIVIN' THE HORSES A STIMULANT! THEY'LL BE THEMSELVES! AGAIN!



AND AS THE STIMULANT BROUGHT RELIAPON AND EL LOBO TO THEIR SENSES, THEY PLUNGED TO THE RESCUE OF THEIR MASTERS...

YA LOUSY TRAITOR! YU'LL CROAK FOR THIS!



LATER...

IM SORRY, B. BLACK DIAMOND! I...I WAS ALWAYS...GASP! A MIXED UP GUY! BUT I...GASP! WAS NEVER REALLY BAD! FORGIVE ME...OOHH!

WELL, LETS GET THE MAN WHO KILLED HIM!



NOW BEGAN RELIAPON'S BIGGEST RACE... A RACE HE WAS DESTINED TO WIN!

I'LL JUST WING OWENS BUMPER! I WANT THAT SKUNK ALIVE—SO HE CAN SWING! HE'S FALLING NOW!



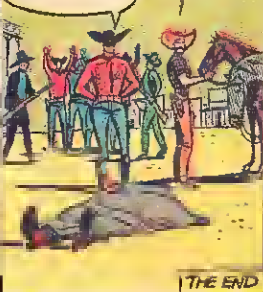
BUT THE OTHER OUTLAWS, FRIGHTENED TO DEATH, DIDN'T SLACKEN THEIR SPEED...

HIS PALS! THEY'RE NOT STOPPING! THEY'RE GOING OVER HIM!



PETE OWENS DESERVED TO DIE THAT WAY... UNDER THE HOOVES OF THE ANIMALS HE PREYED UPON! WELL... LETS GET GOING, BUMPER!

RIGHT, DIAMOND! BUT FIRST I WANT TO WASH THE PAINT OFF RELIAPON AND EL LOBO!



THE END

You Can WIN
This 15" tall
SILVER TROPHY
JUST AS I DID IN
10 MINUTES
OF FUN
A DAY!



When I enrolled I was a skinny, star weakling. As you can see in my "Before" Photo I looked like a child, years younger than my age. I was ashamed to take a picture in bathing trunks so I do now. I was shy with girls because I had nothing to show off. A few weeks after starting the course, however, my body was the best in the neighborhood. Now I get respect and admiration from every fellow and girl I meet.

Roger Hirsch
NEW YORK

There's that skinny scarecrow ROGER. Let's pass him by!



ROGER HIRSCH
was a 112 lb. 6 ft. WEAKLING.
Look at him NOW—
A MOVIE-STAR HE-MAN
from Head to Toe

**as YOU
can be
soon!**

YES! You'll see INCH upon INCH of MIGHTY MUSCLE added to YOUR ARMS. Your CHEST deepened. Your BACK AND SHOULDERS broadened. From head to heels, you'll gain SOLIDITY, SIZE, POWER, SPEED! You'll become an ALL-Around, ALL-American HE-MAN, A WINNER in everything you tackle—or my Training won't cost you one solitary cent.

**Develop YOUR 520 MUSCLES
Gain Pounds, INCHES, FAST!**

Friend, I've traveled the world! Made a LIFETIME STUDY of every way known to develop your body. Then I devised the BEST by TEST, my "5-WAY PROGRESSIVE POWER" the only method that builds you 5-ways fast. You save YEARS, DOLLARS like movie star Tom Tyler did. Like champ Roger Hirsch did. Like MANY THOUSANDS like you did. SO Mail coupon NOW!

MAIL COUPON IN TIME FOR FREE OFFER!

**I GAINED
53 LBS. OF SHAPELY
POWER-PACKED
MUSCLES!**

Which of these

**2 ME'S
is YOU?**

THAT 112 LB.-6 FT.

SPINDLE-ARMED **SISSY** below
A FEW SHORT WEEKS AGO WAS ME

NO! friend you
don't have to be
SKINNY any more
just mail NOW
the **FREE**
coupon below
as I did. Soon
YOU can add

6½ inches to your **CHEST**
3 inches to each **ARM**
and the rest
in proportion
just as I did

THIS MAY BE
YOUR LAST
CHANCE
TO GET FOR
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PICTURE-PAKED COURSES
MILLIONS HAVE
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DAY IN YOUR HOME... AND I'LL GIVE
YOU a NEW HE-MAN BODY
For Your OLD SKELETON FRAME.**

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Builder of HE-MEN

NO! I don't care how skinny or flabby you are; if you're a teen-ager, in your 20's or 30's or over; if you're short or tall, or what work you do. All I want is JUST 10 EXCITING MINUTES in your home to MAKE YOU OVER by the SAME METHOD I turned myself from a wreck to a Champion of Champions.

BOTH FREE FOR QUICK ACTION!

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230 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 1, N. Y.
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**WEAR
10 DAYS
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SIZES 34 to 32**

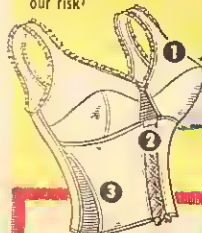
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1. Special design control cups, for maximum support and youthful separation.

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Send my "NU-YUTH" Bra by return mail. If I am not 100% delighted I'll send it back in 10 days for full purchase price refund.

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Bust size _____ cup _____

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RECORDS

18

CHOOSE . . .

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\$2.98
ONLY
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18 TUNES!

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SUPPLY LIMITED. That's why we urge you to fill in and mail coupon now! Play these 18 selections ordered, use the **NEW GIFT** surface saving needle, for 10 days at home. If you are not delighted, if you don't feel these are the **BEST SOUNDING** records for the price, return within 10 days for **FULL REFUND**. Don't delay, send \$2.98 in check or money order, or put three one dollar bills in the mail with this coupon and **SAVE POSTAGE—DON'T DELAY, MAIL COUPON TODAY!**

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18 HIT PARADE TUNES

Comets
Underdog
Cold, Cold Heart
Because Of You
It's Me, She
Owen Younger
I Got Ideas
Slow Poke
Tall Ole Man
Chains



You Bunk The
Hounds At Time
The Little White
Cloud That Came
Islelouty
Shiners Back
City
Tall Ma, Ma
Avalonia
Be My Little
Cousin

18 HILL BILLY HITS

I Wanna Play
Homes With You
Hey, Good Lookin'
Give Me More,
More, More
Gaby, Wally
Really Is Love
Too Old To Cut
The Whirlwind
Mama Makin'
Mama From
Mingola



Let's Live, A Little
Swing! Let's
Swing! Let's
Swing! Let's
Swing! Let's
Swing! Let's
Swing! Let's
Swing! Let's
Swing! Let's
Swing! Let's

18 MOST LOVED HYMNS

The Lord's Prayer
Gloria, Gratias
Hail A Filial Me
Hail A Filial Me
Hail A Filial Me
Hail A Filial Me
Hail A Filial Me
Hail A Filial Me
Hail A Filial Me
Hail A Filial Me
Hail A Filial Me



Trust On Me
Just Keep Me Near
The Cross
Gloria, Gratias
Gloria, Gratias
Gloria, Gratias
Gloria, Gratias
Gloria, Gratias
Gloria, Gratias
Gloria, Gratias

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Guaranteed! Please Rush 18 of the selections along with the **FREE SURFACE SAVING NEEDLE** on your request to try money-back guarantee. I enclose \$2.00 for each group or in directions with understanding that if I am not completely satisfied you will return my money.

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Assemble it Yourself--Takes Only 12 Minutes -- Save Paying up to \$5 & \$10

Complete 15 Piece "TEXAS RANGER" Outfit All for COWBOY OUTFIT \$1.98

Never Before--Never Again

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These are
ACTUAL PHOTOGRAPHS
of ENTIRE
COWBOY
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OUTFIT

Just as Each Will
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YOU GET THIS AT NO EXTRA COST!



FAMOUS CLICKER
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SIX SHOOTER GUN
Clicks noisily as it shoots

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HERE'S WHAT EACH OUTFIT CONTAINS!

- Western-style Ranger EYE MASK.
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- Texas Ranger VEST complete with Ranger SHERIFF'S BADGE and decorated fringes.
- Two beautifully-styled, full width Texas Ranger CHAPS with 2 realistic-looking Six Shooter GUNS, designed right on the material, simulating those used by all the best Cowboy Marksmen. (Cowgirl Outfit has two-piece Ranger Skirt instead of Chaps.)
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- 2 Handsome COWBOY BOOT TOPS INCLUDED AT NO EXTRA COST--the Sheriff's Model "Clicker" Repeating Gun shown above.

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| <input type="checkbox"/> 2 Cowboy Outfits @ \$3.79 | <input type="checkbox"/> 2 Cowgirl Outfits @ \$3.79 |
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Please state age of youngster getting Outfit: _____

NAME: _____

ADDRESS: _____

TOWN: _____ STATE: _____

☐ Enclosed is full amount plus two dollars for postage for cash outfit. Ship my order as checked above all shipping charges prepaid to my door.